

THE FARM AND FRESIDE.

Household Notes.

Milk, in hot weather, should be boiled before it is put away. A good pinch of salt and a bit of cooking soda, about the size of a pea, will not only prevent it from curdling while boiling, but will give considerable "life" to it.

Salt is one of the remedies most frequently employed for keeping weeds out of garden walks, and the following is said to be the best way of applying it: Boil the salt in water, one pound to the gallon, and pour the mixture boiling hot out of a watering-pot with spreading rose. This will keep weeds and worms away for two or three years.

Dr. Alice B. Stockton, in the People's Health Journal, says that unless a woman has tried loose clothing she cannot conceive how much she gains for health and strength by a dress that gives perfect freedom to breathe. "Sixteen thicknesses of cloth," she says, "is no unusual number to be found tightly fastened about a lady's waist." Concerning this matter she once heard a Chinese woman exclaim: "Christian woman squeeze God's life."

The etiquette of hand-shaking is simple. No man should assume to take a lady's hand until it is offered. A lady extends her hand and allows the gentleman to take it. On introduction in a room a married lady generally shakes hands; young ladies not often. In the ball-room, where the introduction is for dancing, not for friendship, never shake hands. The more public the place of introduction the less hand-shaking takes place.

In the North Carolina Medical Journal, Dr. J. R. Irwin says that one of the best and most pleasant things that can be used to relieve the painful state of the dental nerves is chewing cinnamon-bark. It destroys the sensibility of the nerves, and suspends the pain immediately, if the bark is of good quality. After repeated trials, and in different cases, he is convinced that it is generally as efficacious as any of the other remedies suggested for odontalgia, and not attended with the unpleasant consequences of creosote, carbolic acid, etc., which relieve the pain, but leave the mouth as sore and painful as the tooth was previously; though these results are usually due to carelessness in using.

Watch the Barnyard.

During a recent excursion through a rural district which we refrain from locating, except to say it was not in the far-famed Genesee Valley, or any other part of Western New York, we saw some surprising evidences of neglect about cleaning out barnyards and utilizing the elements of fertility they contained. In one instance the manure pile was so large that it reminded us of the old story about the farmer who was obliged to move his barn because access to it was so blocked by rich fertilizing materials! And we thought it might not be amiss to ask the readers of The Rural Home (or at least such of them as borrow the paper) if they had any trouble with like incumbrances in their barnyards—such valuable material as ought to have been long ago spread in field, orchard and garden, instead of being allowed to run to waste by evaporation or otherwise, thus polluting the air with disagreeable odors and perhaps engendering disease. If any have inadvertently overlooked a matter so important, or from any cause being prevented from doing their duty in the premises, we would suggest that it may not be too late yet, as some crops would be decidedly benefited by an application of barnyard or other fertilizers.

But the barnyard should be looked to at this season, even if it was cleaned out in the spring or none of its contents are needed as fuel. An excerpt in our scrapbook truly avers that the barnyard should be watched at this time of the year to see that the juices do not run to waste. If the flow can be turned into a field to soak away over its surface, the manure contained in it will settle into the ground and be saved. On the land where this deposit is made no other manure will be necessary, as the best materials, the chemical salts, are washed out and flow away with the water. Where there is a considerable distance for the stream to run these will be deposited unless the flow is too rapid. Where the juice cannot be made to flow over a field it should be dammed up in a barnyard, and the coarse manure thrown into the pool. This is presupposing that no arrangements were made the year before to manage it to better advantage. To utilize this valuable material there should be hauled into the barnyard in the autumn a lot of muck or earth which should be so placed that it may be able to absorb the juice. Where there is a basement it can be placed therein, and wheeled out any time when it is required. Without such convenience it may be piled up across the natural outlet from the barnyard, and so answer the purpose of a dam and absorbent.—Rural Home.

Witnesses for the Wilson.

Mr. W. A. Brown writes to the Fruit Growers' Journal that of the over 4,000 acres of strawberries in Berrien county, Mich., "nearly all are Wilson," which has been the favorite for twenty-five years.

"Could you visit some of our best fields at this time you might look in vain for sign of deterioration in this famous old variety. Many growers in the Gulf States send here for plants, and they always order Wilsons. Why the Wilson fails at Cobden (Southern Illinois) is a mystery to northern and southern growers. Perhaps pure Wilsons planted on isolated new lands in your vicinity would again give old time results."

Mr. E. T. Hollister in a letter to the same paper about the culture of this

fruit in St. Louis county, Mo., says very few strawberries except Wilson are grown there, and "it always yields a bountiful crop of fine berries which find ready sale at good prices."

Weed Out the Dairies.

When we say weed out the dairies we mean to say that in nearly every dairy there are some cows that are unprofitable, that do not give enough milk, or make enough butter or cheese (whatever the object of the dairy) to pay cost of keeping and care, or, if they barely pay cost, they displace others that would pay a good profit. A grain growing farmer who should see so many thin or barren spots in his fields of grain as to reduce the average yield below cost of production would not be satisfied, even though some of the acres yielded large enough to pay a good profit. He would try, by heavy manuring, more thorough tillage, or by draining, to bring up the yield of the poorer spots to a profitable standard. A dairyman may easily sink the profits of his herd by keeping a few poor cows. Part of the herd may give enough milk, or make enough butter or cheese to afford a fair profit over cost,—feed, care, interest and wear, and yet the business be a losing one, because the other portion of the herd do not pay their way. Dairyman should not be content with a knowledge of what the herd is doing, even though it may be returning a profit, but should know just what every cow is doing. Every cow's milk should be set and tested separately at least twice in the season, when in full milk and when she has been in milk six or eight months. If are and found doing less than the average, they should be prepared for the shambles, and the feed, labor and care bestowed upon them given to those that would yield above the average. By such means the average would be continually increasing.

Some dairymen have named 200 lbs. a year as the minimum yield of butter that should be tolerated in a dairy cow, but that is pretty low, and no dairymen can afford to retain a cow making so small a quantity, if reasonable effort will create a herd, every one of which shall do considerably better. It is because so many farmers are satisfied with doing only tolerably well, do not determine to do the best possible, that so much complaint is made of the unprofitableness of farming.—American Rural Home.

Smaller Farms Better Tilled.

Mr. George Kerr, in a recent letter to the Toronto Globe about cultural and commercial aspects of farming, makes a suggestive point favorable to smaller surfaces better fertilized and tilled:

"The farm connected with the House of Industry, at south Boston contains only thirty acres, but it is so thoroughly cultivated that it has yielded an annual product of \$176 per acre. Why should one acre yield \$176 of value when another, equally fertile by nature, will yield only \$10. Why is a garden richer than a field? We manure our gardens well and our fields lightly; we dig our gardens twenty inches deep, plough our fields five inches; we cultivate a small patch thoroughly and scratch over a small space superficially."

Further evidence favoring better husbandry instead of "poverty in land" is afforded in the next excerpt: "I read of an old man (not long ago) who had a large farm and two daughters. When the one got married he gave her as a dowry one-third of his farm, yet he discovered that the remaining two-thirds netted him as much as the whole, when the other married he gave her a third and found his profits in the succeeding year larger than they had ever been. A practical farmer says, I am confident that fifty acres, if cultivated in the very best style of modern improvement, will yield more profit than many of your 100 acre farms now yield."

The philosophy of the matter—"the disadvantage of skim-cul-ure"—obvious upon a little reflection, is illustrated by the case of the corn crop: "There are many farmers whose yearly product per acre does not exceed an average of twenty-five bushels. There are other farmers who obtain generally not less than sixty bushels per acre, and often eighty to ninety-five—some 150 bushels. Now observe the difference in the profits of each—the first 250 bushels of ten acres. In doing this he had to plough, harrow, mark out, find seed, plant, cultivate, hoe, and cut up ten acres, besides paying interest on ten acres, worth from \$500 to \$1,500. The other farmer gets 250 bushels from four acres at the furthest; and he only ploughs, plants, cultivates and hoes, to obtain the same amount, four acres, which, from their fine tith, and freedom from grass and weeds, is much easier done, even for an equal surface."

Infant's Food.

In an important article on "The Quantity of Food Required in Infancy," in Babyhood for July, Prof. J. Lewis Smith writes: The importance of these tests and observations is apparent, inasmuch they enable us to determine approximately how much food should be given at each feeding to infants that are unfortunately deprived of the breast-milk. The food then used should, of course, bear the closest possible resemblance to human milk in consistency and nutritive properties. Although many substitutes for human milk have been prepared, and sold in the shops with extravagant recommendations, it is the opinion of the most intelligent and experienced physicians that animal milk, and for convenience that of the cow, should be made the basis of the preparation employed. In my opinion the following is very nearly the proper scale for the dilution of cow's milk, which should, of course, always be as fresh as possible and of good quality. Under the age of two weeks, one part milk, two parts water; at three weeks, two parts milk and three parts water; at

four to six weeks half-milk and half-water; at three months, three parts milk, two parts water; after four months, three parts milk and one part water. This scale of dilution does not give as large a proportion of water as is recommended by some authorities in infant dietetics, but it is sanctioned by the above observations.

The quantity of milk prepared as directed above, which infants require, at different ages may be formulated, as follows from the statistics which we have given. Under the age of three weeks one to one-and-a-half ounces, with the water added after it is measured, should be given at each of the twelve daily feedings. The quantity should be gradually increased as the infant grows older until the age of three months, when three ounces should be given at each of the eight feedings. Some infants do not seem to require an increase of this amount, but others who are hearty need more. Thus one infant aged four months took, in the average, four ounces of breast-milk at each of the nine nursings in twenty-four hours. The baby after the age of six months should be fed every three hours, and four ounces of milk may be given a teaching feeding, in order to assure a sufficient quantity. Some require less than this, and occasionally one needs a little more, say four-and-a-half ounces.

Putting up Cucumbers in Pickles.

Pack the cucumbers in a jar or tub, then pour a weak brine upon them, and let it remain three days. Pour off the brine, and pour on enough hot boiling vinegar to cover the pickles, and let them stand 24 hours. Reboil the vinegar, and pour on as before. Do this three times, letting the pickles stand 24 hours each time. Then throw the pickle away, and add enough fresh vinegar to cover the cucumbers. Add a lump of alum the size of a marble to a gallon of pickle; half pound of sugar and spices to taste. Bring to a boil, skim, and then turn upon the pickles while hot. Let them stand well covered for ten days, and they are ready for use. This is one kind of marketable pickles. Another kind, and one that is largely used, is: Soak the cucumbers in a barrel or tub, in salt. When needed take the cucumbers out and throw boiling water on them. When sufficiently freshened (which you will know by the water becoming fresh) put the cucumbers in a porcelain kettle, and cover with cold vinegar. Put in a little pod or part of a red pepper to each gallon of pickles; also a piece of alum about the size of a pea to each gallon. Then let them stand one to a half hour. When scalding hot take them out and put in a vessel to be used, pouring the same vinegar over them. If to be kept for a long time the vinegar will need changing. This gives pickles a natural color, which are now most generally in use. To those who prefer green pickles the following gives the desired color: Dissolve five grains of saffron in one-fourth ounce of distilled water, and in another vessel dissolve four grains of indigo carmine in half an ounce of distilled water. Shake up and allow to stand 24 hours. Then mix the two and a fine solution, not poisonous, is formed.

Grant's Missouri Homes.

St. Louis Republican.—The history of the different houses connected with Grant's stay in St. Louis is soon told. Some twelve miles south of the city is the old Dent farm, on which Whitehaven and Hardscrabble stand. Whitehaven is the old family home of the Dents. The house is over a half century old, and it is yet, despite its age, a handsome structure. It is here that Brevet Second Lieutenant Grant came courting Miss Julia Dent, the sister of his old classmate, riding over from the barracks, only four miles away. It was in Whitehaven that most of Grant's children were born, and the tenderest associations of his life are associated with it.

Hardscrabble got its peculiar name from Grant himself. He christened it after he had built it. Not many of our cities can show in their environs a log house built by the president of the United States. Old Mr. Dent, after Grant had left the army, presented his son-in-law with sixty acres of land, and six additional helpless children, under the care of this worthy old couple, and they have lived to see nearly all of them grown and able to take care of themselves. Tongue cannot tell the anxiety, the labor, and care that the rearing of these children has cost. Neither is it possible to tell the amount in dollars and cents it has required to supply their many wants, but those who have had the care of a family know that unusual prosperity must have blessed their lives or the task would never be accomplished. A most remarkable fact is that the youngest of their children—now the mother of two children—was born after Mrs. Gamill had reached the age of fifty odd years. The old spelling book used by Mrs. Gamill, and from which she learned her A B Cs, is now in her possession, and the date alone shows the great age of the book. It has been carefully preserved, and will no doubt be handed down to grandchildren's children as a relic of rare value. A few days since this venerable old couple passed through West Point driving a fine young mule, on their way to visit a son and daughter in Alabama, 30 miles from their home. The old gentleman does his own blacksmith and wagon work, runs a farm, lives at home—and lives like a lord—while the companion of his life for half a century is the same sweet wife that she was when she vowed for better or for worse she would love and cherish him through life. Well done, good and

The Carnage at Malvern Hill.

Fitz John Porter's Description. In General Fitz John Porter's account of the last of the seven days' battles in the August Century the following occurs: "While taking Meagher's brigade to the front I crossed a portion of the ground over which a large column had advanced to attack us, and had a fair opportunity of judging of the effect of our fire upon the ranks of the enemy. It was something fearful and sad to contemplate; few steps could be taken without tramping up on the body of a dead or wounded soldier, or without a piteous cry, begging our party to be careful. In some places the bodies were in continuous lines and in heaps. In Mexico I had seen fields of battle on which our armies had been victorious, and had listened to pitiful appeals; but the pleaders were not of my countrymen then, and did not, as now, cause me to deplore the effects of a fratricidal war. "Sadder still were the trying scenes I met in and around the Malvern Hill, which at an early hour that day had been given up to the wounded, and was soon filled with our unfortunate men, suffering from all kinds of wounds. At night, after issuing orders for the withdrawal of our troops, I passed through the buildings and the adjoining hospitals with my senior medical officer, Colonel George H. Lyman. Our object was to inspect the actual condition of the men, to arrange for their care and comfort, and to cheer them as best we could. Here, as usual, were found men mortally wounded by necessity left unattended by the surgeons, so that prompt and proper care might be given to those in whom there was hope of recovery. It seemed as if the physician was cruel to one in doing his duty, by being merciful to another whose life might be saved.

"While passing through this improvised hospital I heard of many sad cases. One was that of the major of the Twelfth New York Volunteers, a brave and gallant officer, highly esteemed, who was believed to be mortally wounded. While breathing his last, as was supposed, a friend asked him if he had any message to leave. He replied: 'Tell my wife that in my last thoughts I blended myself, my boy and my flag.' Then he asked how the battle had gone, and when told that we had been successful he said: 'God bless the old flag—and fell back apparently dead. For a long time he was mourned as dead, and it was believed that he had expired with the prayer left unfinished on his closing lips. Though still an invalid, suffering from a wound then received, that officer recovered to renew his career in the war, and now for recreation engages in lively contests of political warfare.

"On the occasion of this visit we frequently met with scenes which would melt the stoniest heart—bearded men piteously begging to be sent home; others requesting that a widowed mother or orphan sister might be cared for; more sending messages to wife or children, or to others near and dear to them. We saw the amputated limbs and the bodies of the dead hurried out of the room for burial. On every side we heard the appeals of the ungodly, the shrieks of those under the knife of the surgeon. We gave what cheer we could, and left with heavy hearts. There was no room then for ambitious hopes of promotion; prayers to God for peace—speedy peace—that our days might be there after devoted to efforts to avert another war, and that never again should the country be afflicted with such a scourge filled our hearts as we passed through those mournful scenes."

A Georgia Idyl.

From the West Point (Ga.) Press. Six miles east of West Point, in Harris County, live two remarkable old people. They are Benjamin Gamill and his wife, respectively 73 and 76 years of age. They are now living on the same place that they took possession of when their young hearts were first united and they together started out to fight the battle of life. During these long years they have moved but once, and then not more than half a mile. Starting life in poverty they worked together, and many thousands of dollars have been the result of their combined efforts. Sober, honest, and high minded, the old gentleman has lived to a good old age, and his good wife is still with him to shed light on a peaceful home—and they together realize that a merciful Father will not forsake his faithful children. Many children blessed the union of this happy old couple, eight of whom lived to reach manhood and womanhood. The death of a son and son-in-law plied six additional helpless children under the care of this worthy old couple, and they have lived to see nearly all of them grown and able to take care of themselves. Tongue cannot tell the anxiety, the labor, and care that the rearing of these children has cost. Neither is it possible to tell the amount in dollars and cents it has required to supply their many wants, but those who have had the care of a family know that unusual prosperity must have blessed their lives or the task would never be accomplished. A most remarkable fact is that the youngest of their children—now the mother of two children—was born after Mrs. Gamill had reached the age of fifty odd years. The old spelling book used by Mrs. Gamill, and from which she learned her A B Cs, is now in her possession, and the date alone shows the great age of the book. It has been carefully preserved, and will no doubt be handed down to grandchildren's children as a relic of rare value. A few days since this venerable old couple passed through West Point driving a fine young mule, on their way to visit a son and daughter in Alabama, 30 miles from their home. The old gentleman does his own blacksmith and wagon work, runs a farm, lives at home—and lives like a lord—while the companion of his life for half a century is the same sweet wife that she was when she vowed for better or for worse she would love and cherish him through life. Well done, good and

faithful servants. When the messenger shall come and call them to rest from the toils of life, how pleasant to think they may enter the gates together, so mote it be.

THE POETS WHO LISTEN.

When evening's shadowy fingers fold The flowers of every hue, Some shy, half-opened bud will hold Its drop of morning's dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour The trembling sphere has grown, Till all the fragrance of the flower Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find Our little need of praise, And round our pallid temples bind The wreath of fading days.

Ah, Poet, who hast never spent Thy breath in idle strains, For thee the dewdrop morning lent Still in thy heart remains.

Unwasted, in its perfumed cell, It waits the evening gale; Then to the azure whence it fell Its lingering sweets exhale. —August Atlantic.

Personal Paragraphs.

Rev. Dr. A. C. George, one of Chicago's most prominent Methodist clergymen, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. R. P. Hollett, at Englewood.

The story is told of Mr. Evarts that he once sent a donkey up to his farm at Windsor, Vt., and about a week afterward received the following letter from his little grandchild: Dear Grandpa: The little donkey is very gentle, but he makes a big noise at night. He is very lonesome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come up soon, and then he won't be so lonesome. MINSIE.

The engagement is announced in New York of Grace Seligman, daughter of William Seligman, the well-known banker of that city, to Henri Michel, editor of Le Temps, Paris.

There is a John E. Sullivan in Indianapolis who is the heaviest dealer in poultry, game, and produce in the United States. He started in business with twenty-five cents, and now his annual trade exceeds a million and a quarter.

When Mrs. George M. Pullman left Chicago for Long Branch, her special train was drawn up almost at the very foot of her lawn. With her were her children and about eight attendants. Her boudoir car was beautifully decorated with ox-eyed daisies, geraniums, heliotrope, pansies, and other blooms taken from her own flower beds, and the bits of Parisian draperies, water colors, prints, periodicals and new books about the coach gave it a home-like and yet elegant aspect. One car was devoted to her horses, and another to the carriages of herself and children.

A spirited young lady is reported to have summarily ended an interesting and promising love match simply because her adored young man insisted on conducting his part of the correspondence with the aid of a type-writer. She declared she could easily read his manuscript, and did not propose to file away any more machine love-letters. There is something cold, unsympathetic in a friend's letter that has been ground out of a type-writer. It lacks individuality, suggests the printed circular.

At a sale of relics which had been the property of the poet Burns, at the Tam O'Shanter Inn, Ayr, the "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnnie" chairs fetched £47 each, being secured for Burns' cottage. One stirrup cup, a small wooden bowl with a silver band, was sold to Mrs. Christie, publican, for £55, and an autograph letter to Hamilton Nimmo fetched £7.

Not Scared a Bit.

J. M. Comly in National Tribune. Gen. Hayes once told me a story illustrating the feeling of doubt which every modest man may have, however brave he may really be, in going for the first time under fire—doubt whether his courage may be able to stand the test. The "man" in the case was a mere lad, too young to enlist as a soldier, but determined to "get there" somehow. He had attached himself to the wagon-train of the 23d Ohio, and had been cared for by the good-natured teamsters until the command took part in its first battle during the war—the battle of Carnifex Ferry, in West Virginia. Gen. (then Major) Hayes was in command of the left wing of the regiment for independent service on the flank of the enemy. There had been heavy firing in front; in fact, it is said that there was no action during the war in which there was more "rocket" from heavy firing than in the battle of Carnifex Ferry, Maj. Hayes, after waiting impatiently for an order to advance until he became afraid that the commanding general had forgotten him, galloped towards the front to find Gen. Rosecrans and report in person, hoping to receive orders that would place his command in immediate and active proximity to the enemy. And I may as well say here that he had his desire, in being ordered through an almost impenetrable laurel thicket, up a steep ascent, to attack the enemy in flank. To return to my subject: As Maj. Hayes galloped up the road, towards the front he met this lad of whom I have spoken coming down the road on a teamster's horse, which he had somehow got hold of his hat set back on his neck and his face fairly blazing with excitement, and as he passed he called out: "Oh, Major! I've been up there in the thickest of it—and I wasn't scared a bit!"

As nearly as I can recollect this was the experience of most. They were very curious and somewhat doubtful as to how they would feel in their first fight, not knowing what unexpected aspect of the trial might turn up as resistibly demoralizing. And usually they came out, like the boy, "not scared a bit." But with some it was different.

BACK FROM LIBERIA.

An Intelligent Georgia Negress Gives Her Impressions of the African Republic. From the Atlanta Constitution.

Junia Hudson has arrived in Atlanta, after an absence of over seventeen years from Georgia. She was one of the negroes who went to Liberia soon after the close of the war. She belonged to Major J. W. Warren of the Executive office, and was the nurse of his children. The craze for Liberia did not captivate Junia, but it caught her husband, a skilful mechanic, who was a free negro in slavery times, and had accumulated property.

In the latter part of 1837 there was a very large emigration of negroes from the cotton States to Liberia. A party of about fifty was made up in Muscogee and adjoining counties, of which Hudson and his family were prominent members. The negroes who composed this colony were nearly all old servants of well-known Georgia families. They reached Liberia safely, and founded a town which they named Fortsville, in honor of the well-known Georgia family. The history of the colony is a sad one. Most of its members died of the fever. Hudson prospered and accumulated considerable property. A few months ago he died. His widow determined to return to Georgia with her two children and spend the remnant of her days among her old friends. She reached Atlanta, and went at once to see "Mars Joe" Warren at the Capitol, who gave her a cordial welcome. Junia Hudson is a woman of remarkable intelligence, and appears to be well educated. When asked what she thought of that country, she said: "I never liked it. It is a remarkably rich country and the climate is generally agreeable. I don't know when I have felt a day hotter as this. The trouble is with the fever, which never fails to attack settlers, and it is very fatal. It takes two years at least to become acclimated, and I don't think the climate ever agrees well with anybody but the natives."

"Is the population growing?" "No, sir. I think not. The natives may be increasing, but there are fewer American negroes there now than there use to be. Nearly all of the fifty that went over in our party died. Some came back. On the vessel that brought me back to New York were twenty-one emigrants returning to this country. They generally get enough of Liberia in six months."

"What about the Government?" "It is modelled after ours. All the officers are negroes, and there are a good many politicians."

"Do the people generally seem to be happy?"

"Well, I suppose so. The natives are happy in their way, but I don't think the country would satisfy those who had been raised in Georgia."

"What is the religion of the people?" "Among the emigrants there are the various denominations we have here. The natives worship idols."

"Why don't they send missionaries among them?"

"They do, but it is a hopeless task, I think. Among the thousands of natives I saw while there, only three had been civilized and Christianized. Missionaries are scattered all over the country, and they find no trouble in getting crowds of the natives into their churches and schools. Many of these profess conversion, and are enrolled as Christians, but almost invariably they go back to idolatry when they return to their tribes. The missionary work in Liberia seems to be making no progress."

"You don't think the future of the country looks bright?"

"No, sir. The emigrants who have gone there from this country as a rule are not contented. Many of them come back, and many more would come if they had the means. The country is not going to fill up with intelligent American negroes, and I don't believe the natives will ever be made into good citizens. They are ignorant and brutal. They are happy when they can come down from the forests loaded with fruits to sell in the towns, and then go back to their miserable huts."

Changes in College Life.

New York Evening Post. "I've come down to buy some billiard tables for the college gymnasium. Can you tell me the best place for them?" Such was the salutation with which an Amherst Professor, a few months ago, started a New York graduate, who, though not quite twenty years an alumnus, remembered how ill the billiard player fared with the Faculty when he ever became a student. An old graduate of Bowdoin College, in Maine, returning to commencement fifty years after graduation, asked the meaning of a rambling notice which issued from the gymnasium. "Bowling?" the old man musingly repeated after a friend had answered his question; "they used to expel a boy for bowling in my day." Colby University in the same state is the most sectarian and straight-laced institution anywhere to be found—a place where the stage used to be regarded with a holy horror. The commencement at Colby occurred a few weeks ago, and among the attractions of the occasion, enjoying the official recognition of the authorities, was the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by a company of professional actors.

These incidents illustrate how revolutionary has been the change in the attitude of college authorities toward the students within the memory of graduates now living. Doubtless there are plenty of old alumni who think it is all a sad mistake, and who shake their heads in dismay over a generation which bowls, plays billiards and attends theatrical performances under the patronage of its instructors. Yet there is no doubt that this relaxation of the ancient strictness in matters of amusement has accompanied an advance in character and manliness not less noteworthy.